

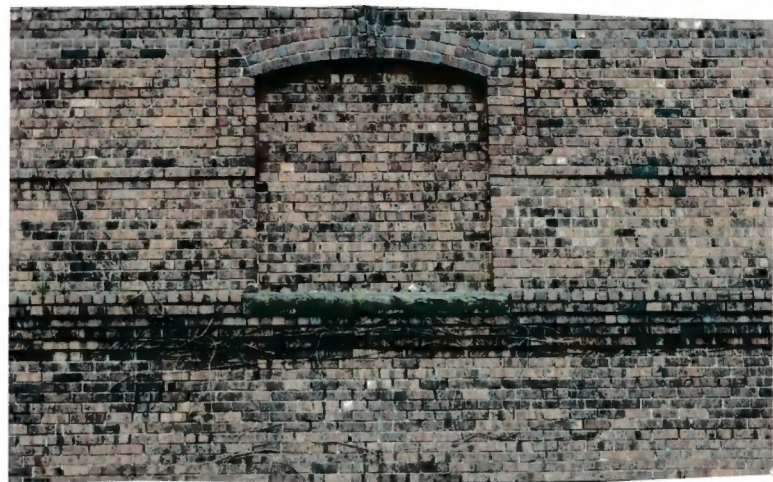
CHANGE
UNCERTAINTY
TO
INDEPENDENCE

summer 2011/





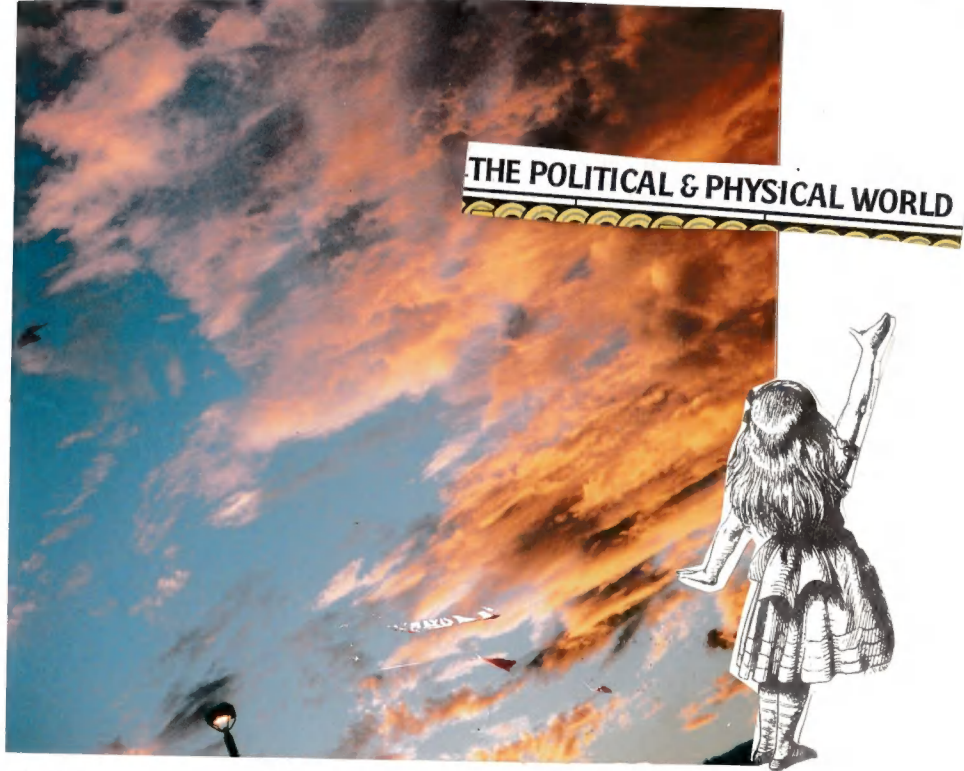
PAST

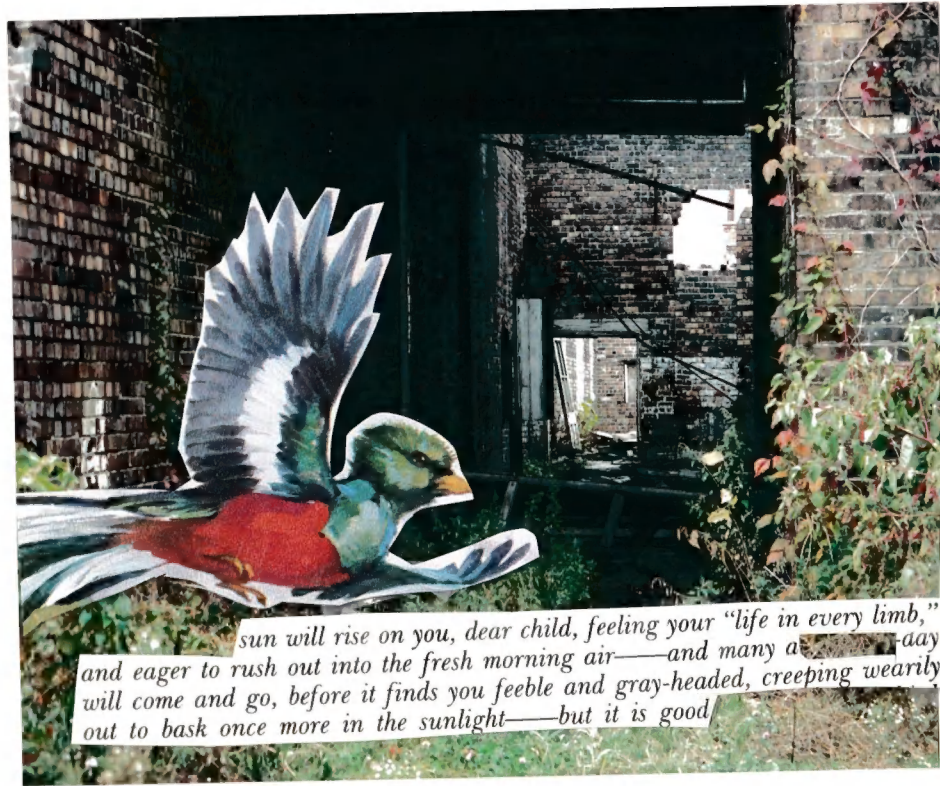


PRESENT







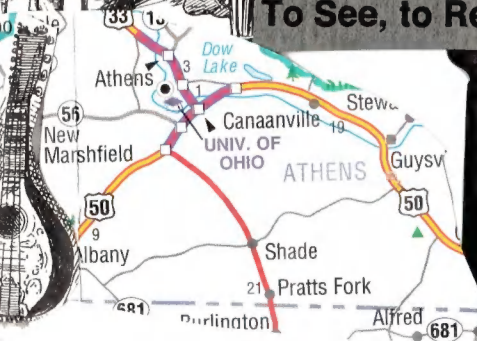


sun will rise on you, dear child, feeling your "life in every limb,"
and eager to rush out into the fresh morning air—and many a day
will come and go, before it finds you feeble and gray-headed, creeping wearily
out to bask once more in the sunlight—but it is good



IN the dark silence of an ancient room,

To See, to Record—and to Comment



INVEST IN THE ENVIRONMENT

I LOVE the stillness of the wood:



But this time I turned rebel,
and ignored the royal commands.

Such lovely flowers, and of forms so entirely new to me,
were not to be abandoned

MIND BODY-SOUL

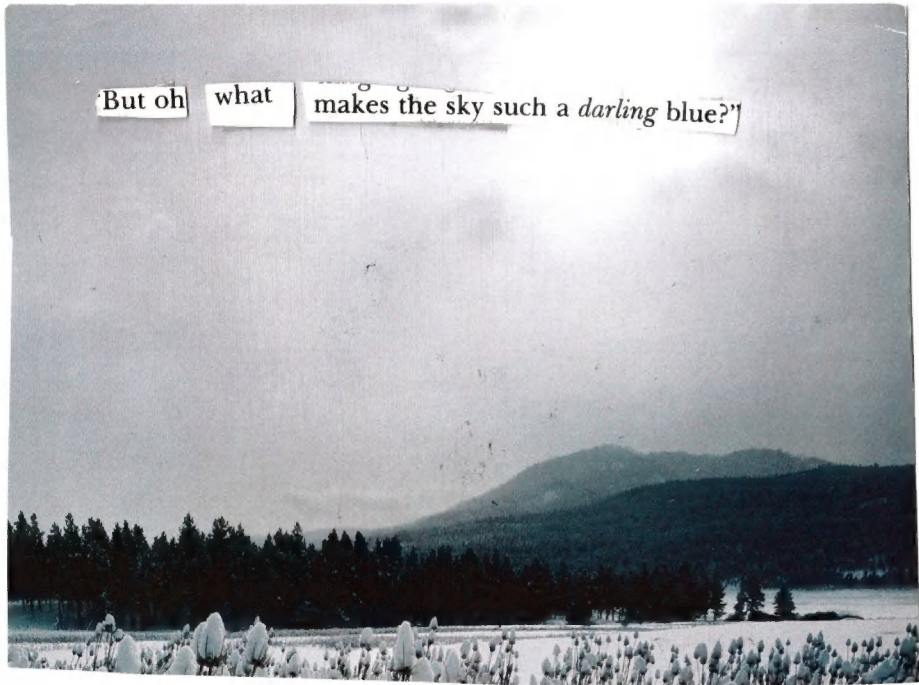
With wonder, that increased every moment, I turned over the flowers,
and examined them one by one: there was not a single one among them
that I could remember having ever seen before.



I bought the bouquet:
and the little boy, after popping the halfpenny into his mouth, turned
head-over-heels, as if to ascertain whether the human mouth is really
adapted to serve as a money-box.



But oh what makes the sky such a *darling* blue?"



her voice sounded

faint and very far away.



"It is Love."





THE END.



my this publication was delivered to your
 by Cheering and Waving Press
 will have many more plant seeds....